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THE ENIGMATICAL COURT: OR, A KEY TO THE *High-German Doctor.*

BEING

The CHARACTERS of those Men whose Actions are a Mystery.

To which is prefix'd,

A LIST of several Eminent Persons.

PART I.

——*Mutato nomine*——
Fabula narratur—— Hor.

LONDON,
Printed, and Sold by J. BAKER, at the *Black Boy* in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1714 Pr. 3*d*.

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PART I.

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A LIST, &c.

I. THE Right Honourable *Robert* Earl of *Oxford* and *Mortimer*.

II. The Right Honourable *Henry* Lord Viſcount *Bolingbroke*.

III. His Grace *John* Duke of *Buckingham*.

IV. The Right Honourable *Simon* Lord *Harcourt*.

V. The Reverend Dr. *Swift*.

VI. The Hon. *Arthur Moore*, Eſq;

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I. THE Right Honourable Robert Earl of [illegible] and Mortimer.

II. The Right Honourable Henry Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.

III. His Grace John Duke of Marlborough.

IV. The Right Honourable Simon Lord Harcourt.

V. The Reverend Dr. Swift.

VI. The Hon. Arthur Moore, Esq;

BRITISH MUSEUM

CHARACTERS, &c.

MR. *Budgell* having lately obliged the Publick with the Tranſlation of the Characters of *Theophraſtus*, in which the Vices of the Men I am about to deſcribe in ſome Meaſure appear; it cannot be thought improper to let the Town ſee the Men themſelves. I have therefore collected from the Chief of the Clan both his own, and the others Characters who are employ'd under him. As to his own, take it from the Account he gives of himſelf.

I. Dr. *HERMODACTYL.*

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Eminence of my former Practice, and long Familiarity with the moſt difficult Caſes which can poſ-

ſibly happen, have, I preſume, ſo well eſtabliſh'd my Character, (eſpecially the Wonderful Cures I have perform'd the Four Years paſt) that I need not Addreſs you in a ſuppliant way to become my Patients.

Men of narrow Spirits and cool Hearts ſet forth with too Humble Thoughts of themſelves, continue wary in their Progreſs, and Ingratiate themſelves with Mankind to maintain their Character: But to Men of Fire, warm Imagination and uncontеſted Skill, all this Diffidence is pernicious; therefore your Old Friend, Dr. *Hermodactyl*, has not ſcrupled to appear on the Stage of *Great Britain*, and more particularly in this Famous Metropolis. The ſtinging Reproaches I underwent from the Populace, about Seven Years ago, for a ſmall Error in Practice, might I confeſs, have diſcourag'd a leſs Sanguine Man than my ſelf, and tempted him to Renounce all Compaſſion toward ſuch Virulent Natures; but my ſtrong Propenſion to the Good of the Publick lifts me above thoſe mean Conſiderations, and ſtifles all the Reſentments

ments which are apt to riſe in the Breaſts of Great Genius's. Ye *Britons* are the moſt fickle People of the Univerſe, and therefore no Practitioner ought to be diſcourag'd at any Errors he commits in his Art, it being your Cuſtom to run down the moſt Deſerving with Vehemence, and reſtore them to Favour in a Fit of Paſſion. When I ſeriouſly reflect upon what ſlender Grounds ſo many Popular Clamours were rais'd againſt me, a few Years ſince, for Hindering (as it was ſaid) the Operation of a certain Purge upon a Vigorous Old *French-Man*, by mixing Aſtringent Medicines with the Doſe, I pity the Ignorance of Mankind in general, and appeal to the Judicious, Whether it was not poſſible for my Servant, who always attended in the Elaboratory, to diſpence thoſe Ingredients without my Privity, or involving his Maſter in the Scandal, eſpecially ſince he took the Miſcarrige upon himſelf to the laſt, and I appear'd intrepid upon the Charge. I know it has been a prevailing Objection amongſt ſome People, That I was not

bred a Regular Phyſician, nor ever look'd upon as a Man of Penetration; That I have always buſied my ſelf in muſty old Records, Foreign to my Profeſſion, and conſequently not capable of Forming a right Judgment of Conſtitutions: Beſides, that I was a meer Quack, and after my Diſgrace little better than a Bankrupt. But I could eaſily reply to theſe Calumnies, and let the Detractors know, that our Art, at the beſt, is but Conjectural; and tho' the Methodical Syſtems have obtain'd in the World to give an Handle to Crude Diſputations in the Schools, and Mechanical Solutions; yet the *Emperical* Practice is the moſt Antient, and greateſt Cures have been effected that Way, of which I am a Living Witneſs, who, without concerning my ſelf about the Signature of Plants, or conſidering Diſeaſes, either as *Idiopatick* or *Symptomatical*, have, by applying Medicines after the Dictates of my own Fancy, (except that I have conſulted my Tumbler *Harry* now and then, in the Fatigue of my Practice) puzled all the Phyſicians

of

of the preſent Age, made them begin to deſpiſe all former *Methodiſts*, and ſwear, in private, that I am the Luckieſt, of an Illiterate Fellow, that ever trod a Stage; Nay, acknowledge that there is not that great Neceſſity of making ſuch Nice Enquiries into the Conſtitution of People, but that a Doctor appearing Bold and Daring, and who can rail fluently at all other Phyſicians, as Quacks and Pretenders, who have been concern'd in the Caſe before he was call'd in, the Patient may do well, and a Conſtitution will help it ſelf. As to that ill-bred Cavil at my former Poverty, I could let the Slanderers know, that I impair'd my Fortune by ſome Religious Acts; and, by too much Credulity, ran out a very fine Eſtate in Endowing a *Meeting-Houſe* for the Edification of the Saints; but it's my Comfort, at the preſent, that I am at a *Par* with Brother *Rat——ff*, and could purchaſe the reſt of the Faculty out of one Article of my Honeſt Gains, *viz. The Cure of an Epidemical conſuming Gleet* which had weaken'd a great Part of the Nation. If Boaſting

was

was my Talent, I could ſurprize the World with a Preſent I receiv'd from a generous Foreigner, for curing him of a *Cachexy*. His Body was emaciated to the laſt Degree, his Pulſe low, his Blood exhauſted, and the Diſeaſe preying upon his Vitals: He had made uſe of a very eminent Doctor for Nine Years; he ſtill kept Bleeding him, a Method no Man would have preſcrib'd but with an Intent to deſtroy him, and for which no plauſible Reaſon could be aſſign'd, but that the Gentleman had been formerly eſteem'd *Plethorick*, and full of Blood. After many Struggles for this Patient, and ſome Diſappointments, I was call'd in at laſt: In three Months Time, I aver it, the Old Gentleman recover'd to Admiration, and all his Neighbours were aſtoniſh'd; for which miraculous Cure he gave my Man *Harry*, over and above my Gratuity, a very fine Jewel, as an Acknowledgment of the Service I had done him. It would be endleſs to run over the Vulgar Cures I have perform'd in a few Years: I claim your Attention to nothing but what is Stupendous in its Kind.

Kind. I cur'd a great Officer in the Army, about two Years ſince, of a large Swelling in his Head, by a very particular Method: There was a great Conſult upon the Caſe; moſt Phyſitians were of Opinion, That the Humour would abate without any Application, that there was no manner of Danger to his Conſtitution, it being *Cutaneous*. I gain'd two or three *Cenſors* of the Colledge of my Side, who ſwore the Matter was lodg'd on the *Pericranum*: Upon this I took Courage, and declar'd my Opinion was for Opening his Head; but that being over-rul'd, as too deſperate an Experiment, I forbad him the the Uſe of Superfluities, remov'd him from the Lodgings he was in, judging the Air too keen; and after I had reduc'd him to a low Diet, ſent him to the *Spaw* for his Recovery; for all which, tho' I reciv'd no perſonal Acknowledgment at his Hands, yet there was a *Noble Preſent* ſent me by a Benefactor who knew the Value of the Cure. It may be objected by ſome People, who vainly emulate my ſucceſsful *Practice*, that having acquir'd a handſome Competency

petency, it favours ſtrongly of Avarice to covet any more, and that this publick Notice caries an Air of *Quackery*. To this I anſwer, That I am no ways influenc'd by ſelfiſh Deſires, but only expect prime Coſt for my Medicines, having married my Eldeſt Son *Cochineal* to a great Heireſs, and my Daughter to a Gentleman of *Equivalent* Subſtance; and this publick notice is ſo far from a *Quack Bill*, that nothing but ſtrain'd Malice can give it any other Denomination than a *Generous Advertiſement to the Diſtreſſed*. It is not my Deſign to appear on the Publick Stage, but upon ſome extraordinary *Call*, when ſome difficult Amputation is to be perform'd, or large Excreſcencies to be ſever'd from the Vital Part of the Body. And as my Deſign in View is very extenſive, and Capacity great, ſo I ſhall not confine my ſelf entirely to the *Phyſical Part*; but as Opportunity offers, I ſhall, at my own Dwelling-Houſe, calculate Nativities; tell Fortunes; point out the lucky and unlucky Days of a Man's Life; give ſhrewd Conjectures who is likely to die an Untimely

Death,

Death, who a Natural; read the Soul in the Phisiogmony; tell the Critical Minute for some People's coming over Seas, others for going over, discover conceal'd Thefts, and read Dissertations Monthly on the dismal Effects of *Rasiia*, with great Variety of other Cases which may fall in my Way.

N. B. *I live at a great House, with two Lamps in Front, near the* Star *and* Garter-Tavern; *The Fore-Door for Persons of Reputation; the Back-Door for People under Suspicious Habits of Body, about Twilight.*

III. *HARRY GAMBOL*

IS nearest in Use and Interest to the Doctor in the Management of the *Stage*, whom he thus facetiously describes:

Harry Gambol is the smartest Fellow which belongs to my Stage: He was the prettyest Tumbler that ever rowl'd over a Carpet; and for a *Rope*, the Young Dog had always a *Genius*, I believe he will never leave the Smell

of it; His Sister *Nanny* at *Sadlers-Wells* has been diſtanc'd a *Leap* and a *Caper*. I repent the Time that ever I put a *Launcet* into his Hand, and forc'd him out of his proper Way, he having taken upon him a more Arrogant Air alate: He had the Aſſurance to affirm the other Day (upon a Clamour that was rais'd by ſome of the *Cenſors* of the *College*) about a Caſe in which we were jointly concern'd, that he had not been conſulted, and that it was *Mala Praxis*: I ask'd him in a merry *Vein*, *How he came by that wonderful Skill?* He anſwer'd me roundly, *As you came by yours*, Digniſſime Doctor. However, I like him much for his Solutions of any difficult Caſe before him, and his bold Amputations; tho' I muſt confeſs I am for Leaving on even a Stump, if it can be of any Manner of Uſe to the Body; but theſe different Methods are ſerviceable. I confine him chiefly to Surgery, but have entruſted two Specificks with him, which he has made uſe of with wonderful Succeſs in ſome *Chronical Caſes*. To Perſons of Figure he always gives the

Aurum

Adrum Potabile pro re natâ. To those of Lower Consideration, a Decoction of *Agrigentina*, *Anglicè Silver-Weed*, proves as effectual; and if he does not expel the Malignity, at least he makes a *Palliative Cure* for the present, and makes them easy. He is very captious if I do not communicate all my *Nostrum's* to him; but then I have a certain Method of taking him into the *Elaboratory*, and putting some Ingredients into the *Crucible*, and averring, that's the Experiment he long'd for, and he grows tractable. He is a lusty young Rogue, pamper'd with four Bottles a Night and clean Diet, which makes him a little prone to *Carnality*. This, to my Grief, I see every Day demonstrated by the Young Wenches Handing up *Billet Deux* in their Gloves and Handkerchiefs, under Colour of buying Packets. The Arch Knave costs me a vast Sum every Year for his Frolicks. He rambles sometimes im his *Fool's-Coat*, by Way of Disguise, and falls in *Pell-Mell* with the Country-Waggons, at the *Crown* near *St. Giles's*

Pound, where he makes a terrible Slaughter amongst the Country Nymphs, for which I am forc'd to make ample Satisfaction. In his Airs, he threatens to print my *Noſtrum*'s upon me, but having alter'd the Ingredients ſo often ſince he grew malepert, I defy his Malice. To be plain, the Young Rogue having a good *firm Tread*, and a *tolerable Manner*, he diverts an Old Lady in my Family, after the Fatigue of the Day, with the ſtale Jeſts he has broke to the Mob, who laughs to ſuch an Exceſs, that if ſhe was any Ways *Dropſical*, I ſhould fear a Breach in the *Abdomen*.

III. *RUB.*

NExt this celebrated Tumbler, as greateſt in Appearance on the Stage, is *Rub*, of whom thus ſays the Doctor.

Rub is a Perſon whom I am oblig'd to ſet pretty high in my Liſt, not for the great Regard I pay to his Merit, but that he claims a Prece-

dence

dence of others on the Score of his Seniority and long Experience, and being cover'd with Years draws in Old Matrons and Grey-Beards now and then, and so helps to support the Stage. He is not the Man I should recommend for a *Modern Practioner*, he being so obstinately bent to the Old *Galenical* way; and as most People are apt to give into that Advice which their Necessities have made useful to them, he is continually prescribing Decoctions of *Guajacum* and the *Dry'd Woods*, and a Mastication of *Elecampain Root* or *Mastich* for the Breath. He is now grown unfashionable and indolent, tho' it's necessary for me to keep a fair Hand with him, because his *Diploma* is of an Older Date than mine, and some of the weaker Sort love to see him upon the Stage, tho' he is *impertinently busy*. He covets to follow the Stage, tho' he has no manner of Business there, but spread the *Carpet*, dispose the *Boxes*, and put the *Packats* in Order against I mount. Having been a Practioner of some Note in former

Days,

Days, he ſometimes threatens to make a Figure in Velvet once more, and ſet up for himſelf, if I don't raiſe his Vails; but I am under very little Apprehenſion from him, the Method of Practice at this Time being very different from his; but he having ſome Smattering of *Poetry*, and a great Genius for *Motto's*, he heads my *Bills* with ſuch curious Devices as the *Hand* and *Urinal*, *Apollo* transfixing the *Python* with an Arrow, and with apt Remnants of Poetry, ſuch as —— *Principiis obſta*; —— *Poſt eſt Occaſio calva* ——

IV. *CODICIL.*

HE is not only uſeful under the Doctor, but may ſerve in future Times as a Screen to him, being privileg'd with the Place of *Sealing the Packets*; of whom he ſays. *Codicil* has the chief Management of the *Diſpenſary*; having formerly been pretty buſy with Preparations of *Cinnabar*, his Opticks are extreams

ly

ly weaken'd, tho' his Intellects remain good to this Day: Before he came to my Stage he was as indigent as my ſelf, not thro' want of Ability, but he had a Faculty of Gaming away his Patients Fees, without coming to viſit them after the firſt Preſcription, which render'd him contemptible, but having a good keen Way of Talking, I took him into my Service to run down a Popular Doctor who rival'd my Practice: He did it ſo effectually, that in Reward of his Services, I made him Chief of the *Diſpenſary*, and gave him the Propriety of my *Electuarium Pacificum*, with the Privilege of putting his Seal to it; the Credit of which, I ſolemnly declare, I no ways envy him: A Medicine ſo admirable in its kind, that I never yet heard any Man complain of it (except that it was a little over-dos'd with *French Tartar*) and ſo noble an *Opiate*, that it locks up all manner of Pain for the preſent, which muſt be a very comfortable Relief to ſuch as have labour'd under *Cholick* Pains for Eight or Nine

Years

Years together, and whom even a Brother of ours in *Abchurch-Lane* could not remedy. He is well seen in Titles of Glasses and Boxes; and whenever I bring in a Row of new Gally-Pots into the *Dispensary*, he Labels them all in Capital Letters. I purpose to leave him in Possession of of all my Papers at my Death, (tho' I must do him the Honour to say, He wants no Assistance from my Manuscripts) upon Condition he does not mount a Stage upon *Tower-Hill*, or the Precincts of this populous City, without taking me in for Partnership, which some People, Enemies I believe to us both, would insinuate he is inclin'd to.

V. *SMUT.*

SMUT (says the Doctor) is the Darling, he is the Wittyest Knave of my whole Family, and is all the Comfort I have in my Hours of Recess. I often take him out with me in my *Chaise* to *Brentford*, where he

and

and I laugh together half a Day, at the Stupidity of some *Topping Doctors*, and their deluded Patients: That's the Time I take to give him the Hiſtory of my Practice, and what Diſtempers are under Cure, which he faithfully communicates to the Publick in his Weekly Bills. There we rally the frequent Miſtakes made by the Regular Practitioners of this Age, and the imprudent Meaſures they take to reſtore themſelves to Credit when they lie under Popular Prejudices: When a Clamour is rais'd againſt them, they throw the Blame upon the *Apothecaries* and *Nurſes*, and offer to expoſe every diſtinct Preſcription to Vulgar Eyes. Alas, our Method is much greater; Firſt we tie our ſelves to no Rule, and therefore are at Liberty to preſcribe as we pleaſe; but if Patients think that too *Arbitrary*, *Smut* contends for the Goodneſs of the Medicines in general, and lays the Blame on the Vicious Humours of the Body, and ill Texture of the Blood. Others let their Patients know what they take; we think it

not only imprudent but dangerous to inform them, for Fear of disordering the Spirits; and then no Physick can work amiss, and a *Vomit* passes for a *Purge*, and a *Purge* for a *Vomit*. In short, *Smut* is the most respectful to me and his Superiors of the Stage, never Printing a Bill but you shall find Dr. *Hermodactyl*'s an *Æsculapius*, *Gambol* a *Paracelsus*. There are but Two Things in his Character which offend; One reflects upon my Reputation, in taking him out of a Garret in dismal Weeds, by the Meditation of *Parnassus Banny*; the Other upon my Conscience, in Retaining such an Infidel.

VI. *ATTY BROGUE*

IS very useful to me in his low Capacity, tho' I can scarce tell in what *Class* to place him: He is of the same Use to my Stage as a *Devil* in a Printing-House; He cuts off many Impertinencies in the Course of my Practice. When froward Patients come

to

to the *Diſpenſary*, Complaining of the Dearneſs of my *Foreign Drugs*, *Atty*'s Speech is, *Good People, the* French *Druggiſt, whom I make uſe of, has the Beſt and moſt Palatable Drugs in the Univerſe; and tho' you pay double the Price in* Ready Specie, *to what you pay for the ſame Drugs in another Shop; tho' you could have them by way of Exchange of other Commodities, yet I aver them Cheaper and Better.* —— *You are convinc'd, I hope.* —— The People, confounded at his Aſſurance, go off, but murmur by the Way, *This* Hermodactyl *has a Set of Clever Fellows*; — *what Miſchief might they do, if they were Rational?*

The End of the Firſt Part.

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